



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE are we, my hearers, once more assembled to settle the affairs of science and the nation.

And now, before beginning new business, let us take up

THAT PLANT BY THE TELEGRAPH-POLE.

FIRST, allow me to thank Miss Annie Russell A., Henry Campman, "A Reader," J. E. D., Allen Van Vort, R. L. Jones, and all the other young friends, who correctly answered my query in regard to the peculiar plant pointed out to you from this Pulpit three months ago. It was shown, you may remember, in the picture of the "The Telegraph-Pole as a Storehouse."*

Very many sent answers, and though not all replied correctly, your Jack is glad to know that so large a number became interested in the matter and endeavored to "hunt it up."

This plant, called by the scientific the *Agave Americana*, is popularly known by the following names: *Agave*, *American Aloe*, *Century plant*, *Maguey*, and perhaps by other names. I am told, on good authority, that it is an *Agave* and not a *Yucca*, as many of you, my friends, have called it. The *Yucca*, it seems, belongs to a different order—"the Spanish-bayonet order," as one correspondent writes—at all events, you'll find by consulting the encyclopedias that *Yucca* and *Agave* are not two names for the same thing.

This *Agave Americana*, let me here remark, is by no means a worthless plant, as you may learn by ascertaining the various uses to which it may be put, nor does it always stand alone like a sentinel, by a telegraph-pole, as in Mr. Nugent's interesting picture. It is a sociable plant and loves its fellows, as all of us should do.

AND now, to change the subject, here is an interesting bit of information sent to you, my hungry ones, by Mr. Ernest Ingersoll:

AN INDIAN CHALLENGE.

TWO tribes of Indians in the upper part of California had as boundary between their districts, a low ridge where the streams headed. If you should go to where one of these streams, Potter river, rises, you would see still standing a tall pile of stones beside a never-failing spring; on one side of this cairn was the territory of the Pomo Indians, and on the other the land of the Chumaia. These tribes were enemies, and were often at war. When the Chumaia wished to challenge the others to battle, they took three little sticks, cut notches round their ends and in the middle, tied them at the ends into a faggot, and laid it on this cairn. If the Pomos accepted the challenge, they tied a string around the middle of the three sticks and left them in their place. Then agents of both tribes met on neutral ground and arranged the time and place of battle, which took place accordingly.

THAT is one way of settling a difficulty. But think how many different kinds of difficulties there are, and in what different ways folks set about to settle them!

There is dear little Marjory, for instance. Your friend Annie L. Hannah has written for you a pretty song about her. Here it is:

WHO CAN TELL?

"I WONDER," said sweet Marjory,
To the robin on the wall;
"I wonder why the flowers are short,
And why the trees are tall?
I wonder why the grass is green,
And why the sky is blue?
I wonder, Robin, why I'm I,
Instead of being you?

"I wonder why you birds can fly,
When I can only walk?
I wonder why you only sing,
While I can sing, and talk?
Oh, I wonder, I so wonder
Why the river hurries by?
I think you ought to know, Robin;
I would, if I could fly!

"I wonder," said sweet Marjory,
With a puzzled little frown,
"I wonder why the moon won't shine
Until the sun goes down?
I wonder where the stars all go
When they're not in the sky?
I most believe you know, Robin,
For all you look so shy!

"I wonder why the snow comes?
And why the flowers die?
I wonder where the summer lives
When the wintry winds blow high?
I wonder," said sweet Marjory,
With her plump chin in her hand,
"I wonder, Robin, if we two
Shall ever understand?"

MORE ICE PRISONS.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

DEAR JACK IN THE PULPIT: I have been reading Dannie G—'s letter in the bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS (June number, 1890), about flowers frozen in a block of ice, and as I have read several others before, I thought you might like to hear about those that I saw. Last June our city celebrated her Semi-centennial. On the 11th, she had a Trades' Display that was very fine; the business of an artificial-ice company was represented by a float containing four blocks of ice about three feet high, and eighteen inches thick; in one was a fine large red-fish, about two feet long; the next had a large bouquet of lovely roses; the third held two red-snappers; and the fourth some Spanish-bayonet blossoms, waxen and lovely, and all of them worth going a long way to see.

We have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since it began, and enjoy it very much.

Yours respectfully,
M. C. TUCKER.

A KING IN A TORTOISE SHELL.

THE cradle that a queen should choose for her princely little baby must be a very grand affair, don't you think so? Perhaps made of choice or costly woods or even of a precious metal. In either case it must, you think, be most beautifully shaped and perhaps carved with the figures of sweet little cherubs, watching over the favored mortal baby as he sleeps softly amid his clouds of fine linen and delicate lace.

This may all be. Jack does n't know much about kings and queens and princes; and being a good republican, does not care so much about their grand furniture, and dresses, and cradles, as he does about whether or not they are good men and women and boys and girls and babies. What made me think of them at all was something that I heard a traveler tell about within a few days.

This traveler had lately come from France. While in that country he had visited the town of Pau, among the Pyrenees Mountains. (Look on your maps for them, my friends.) In this town, high up, looking over the valleys, stands an old, old castle, dark and gray and gloomy. It was built in the olden days when there was much fighting, and nobles and princes had to live in castles, with walls made so thick and strong to keep out their enemies that the blessed sunlight was kept out too, and the big rooms and halls were dark and dismal enough. Here in this castle of Pau, in the year of 1553, said the traveler, lived the old King of Navarre, and here, in this same year, was born his grandson Henry, Prince of Navarre, afterwards known the world over as Henry the Great, King of France and Navarre. He was called great not only because he knew how to head the armies of his kingdom, fighting his enemies, but because he loved his people and tried to make them happy and prosperous as well as glorious.

So his people loved him, and after his death they cherished everything that had belonged to him with the greatest care. Here, in his castle of Pau, is still treasured the cradle in which the royal baby was rocked to rest.

It is a cradle made all of tortoise-shell.

Should n't you think it would break very easily? It would if it were thin and polished tortoise-shell, like a girl's dainty bracelet, which is almost as brittle as glass; but there is little danger of this royal cradle meeting any such fate — no more danger than if the shell were still on the back of the turtle, its first owner! The shell is not polished or altered in any way. It was taken from the back of the big sea-turtle (who had carried it so long, and thought himself so safe in his stout shell-house) and was cleaned and turned over on its back.

Then only a little blanket was laid in it, for the young Prince of Navarre was not brought up delicately, and in his very cradle was taught to lie wrapped in a rough blanket, instead of on soft cushions, amid luxurious linen and lace.

The traveler did not tell the friend with whom he was talking whether or not the turtle-shell cradle was mounted on rockers. If not, how could the cradle have been rocked without giving the poor little baby a most terrible *jouncing*?

A little boy, who was walking with the traveler and his friend, said that he did n't think the little Prince Henry had half so comfortable a time of it as his own little baby brother at home; and I should n't wonder if that were true. But, perhaps, after all, it is n't good for babies to be quite so comfortable. It may be that more babies would grow up to be strong and hardy men and women if they were not treated *quite* so tenderly at the first.

Who knows?

HERE is a pretty bit of talk sent by your friend R. E. B.:

BIRD AND BOY.

“LITTLE bird,” Said the lad, “On my word, I am glad I can go Where 't is warm From the snow And the storm. So I say, Hoop! hooray! Boys are best, any day!”	“Little boy,” Said the bird, “I take joy, On my word, In the storm And the snow; I am warm, Don't you know. Whit! to-whee! As for me, Boys are best, any day!”
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AND here is another view of the case, from the girls' point of view, sent you by Miss Maria J. Hammond:

HER LITTLE SHETLAND SHAWL.

I KNOW a little maiden,
And winter, spring, and fall,
She wears about her shoulders
A little Shetland shawl!

She says if all the birds stayed north,—
The sensible, wee things!—
That some would soon wear tiny shawls
Tucked underneath their wings!

THE LETTER-BOX.

FORT HUNTER, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am the youngest of six children who have taken you for eleven years. Some of the oldest bound numbers are falling to pieces, but ST. NICK would have to be bound in leather and printed on linen to stand all the reading it gets in this family. I like all your stories, and am always on the lookout for the "Brownies," and the "Aztec Fragments."

I have a shepherd pup named after the great enchanter, "Merlin," because he makes so many things "mysteriously disappear," and can make my brother look black when he chews up his hats or overshoes.

I am thirteen years old. I live in the country and drive into the city every day to school. I hope you will live forever. Yours truly, REUBEN O—.

BEDFORD PARK, CHISWICK, W., ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you all about Guy Fawkes Day, because the little boys and girls in America do not have a Guy Fawkes Day, and perhaps they might like to hear about it. You see, Guy Fawkes Day is thoroughly a *boys'* day—girls have nothing at all to do with it—but though I am a girl I have five brothers, and therefore generally share in the fun.

The day is the 5th of November, and about the middle of October all the shops (stores, as you say in America) begin to show fireworks and masks in their windows. Now, I dare say you will like to hear about the "masks." Well, they are faces made of a sort of composition, painted most hideously, generally with big noses. These are purchased for the large sum of one penny (two cents in American money) by all the little boys, who wear them about the streets. After this has gone on for about a week or a fortnight, Guy Fawkes Day really comes.

At about ten or eleven o'clock, on the 5th, you hear a great deal of noise going on in the streets, and cries of "Guy, Guy, Guy, Guy, Guy," as fast as it can be gabbled (or rather shouted). Then you see a troop of street urchins with paper caps and paper streamers, singing, while two of them carry a chair on which is tied an effigy of Guy Fawkes, with one of the aforesaid "masks," and an old hat and coat. The boys come and stand in front of the houses and sing:

"Please to remember
The Fifth of November,
The Gunpowder Treason and Plot.
I see no good reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot!"

Another song was:

"Holler, boys, holler, boys, make the bells ring;
Holler, boys, holler, boys, God save the King."

"The king" means James I., and the words are now changed into "God save the Queen."

You see Guy Fawkes Day is a very, very old custom; it dates back to 1605, when it is said that some conspirators tried to blow up the king and Parliament.

After dark all the boys have bonfires and fireworks, not so much in the town as in the suburbs, where there are back gardens in which to burn the stuffed effigy and to set off the fireworks. Good-by,

Yours lovingly, MARGARET ALICE B—.
Aged fourteen.

DIXON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is always full of fine stories, but the one that interests me most is entitled "The Boy Settlers."

If your readers remember, the story starts out with a brief description of Dixon, Illinois. Dixon is now a nice place, much nicer than at the time spoken of in "The Boy Settlers," yet many of the old landmarks still stand.

The "Old Elm" is especially interesting to see and hear about. Lincoln and Black Hawk stood under it when the treaty of peace was signed that ended the Black Hawk War; the tree stands right below our house, to the west; six men can just reach around it.

My grandmother knows most of the characters spoken of in "The Boy Settlers"; also, Noah Brooks, the author.

Father Dixon was well known by her, and many a time she has told me incidents in his life.

I remain your true friend, O. W. S—.

SENDAI, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are very much interested in "Lady Jane." We think the story will be spoiled if Lady Jane does n't get back to her relatives.

The season for chrysanthemums is just past. There have lately been several shows in the city. The manager of one of the shows said there were two hundred and forty-five different kinds of chrysanthemums there. Some of the names translated are "White Stork," "Golden Waterfall," "Rays of Light," "Ghost," and "Sea-foam."

We are the three largest foreign girls in Sendai, and are one another's only playmates.

Your interested readers,

SARAH, CHARLOTTE, and KATE.

FORT SCOTT, KANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The following letter or composition is entirely the work of a little girl in her ninth year—the names taken from a book which she happened upon. Her nurse missed her, and found her in the library writing away at "a composition like the boys had to take to school." I am the aunt, the possible victim of "those savage beasts."

Very sincerely yours, F. N. N—.

[We print the letter as written:]

MY DEAR FRIEND: I write to you. Prof. Haxley reported to you something about the different papers. I have a paper that I will send you inclosed in this letter, which I hope you will enjoy. One of the subjects are about principally of the best, fine animals. Now, for instance, the most interesting is about, dogs; now you

know there are some fine dogs such as water spaniel (we have one), then the cats of the best Maltese nature, you know; well, I will have a little talk about the cats: The cats have tricks; I've heard of a cat that would dip her paw in a pitcher of milk, and then put it to her mouth. Well, I forgot to give a subject on dogs, which I will do now: Some dogs are bad and some are good; some dogs like to jump up on you and tear your clothes. Well, there are horses, some very fine horses; I suppose some people have finer horses than others; we have a fine horse. Now I will make a subject on lions: They are very savage beasts; they are mostly out West in the woods. I have an aunt that is going out there, and I hope they won't eat her up; they like to eat people. Now this is all I am going to say about animals. I think I will talk about gardens. A great many people have gardens; now we like to have lots of vegetables in the gardens, such as corn, lima beans, and tomatoes; then there are aristocratic gardeners. I suppose you have heard of Samuel Boyer; he knows lots about gardens. Now I am going to give a subject on artists: Some artists are better than others. I have seen fine paintings they have done; they have very fine tastes about painting and drawing. I would like to know how oil paints are made. Now I will talk about flowers: Some are very pretty. I think daisies and dandelions are right pretty, but they are so common, and have n't got any style about them like fuchsias and roses have. Now, what does subject mean? It means to take a word and tell things about it. Now I will close. I hope you will enjoy this composition, and all your family.

MARY C. N.—

SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American boy. I have been traveling in England with my mother and two brothers. I have also been in Scotland and Wales. When we were in Scotland we stayed at Edinburgh. We went to see the Forth Bridge, which is the longest bridge in the world.

It is not as handsome as the Brooklyn Bridge, however.

We are in Scarborough now, which is a great watering place. The other day we went out fishing; we caught about four dozen fish in an hour and a half. Don't you think that is pretty good? I am going to London in a few days. I have not been there yet. We sail for home very soon. I will be very glad to get home, although I like England. Good-by.

Your devoted friend, DUNBAR F. C.—

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you during the long years you have been coming to me.

I send this little verse, which I have written all by myself:

A SENSIBLE WISH.

One day a little girl was asked by her father large and fat,
What she did want — a top, or ball, or anything like that.
And she answered very wisely, with a sort of little
sneeze,
I would like it if you 'd get me ST. NICHOLAS, if you
please.

Your little reader, GENEVIEVE C.—

NEWPORT, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am quite an old subscriber, as I have taken you now for nearly six years, and I have

read and re-read your bound volumes with never-failing pleasure. I have traveled a great deal during the fourteen years of my life, and have been five times to Europe. Last summer I spent at Paris, and as we lived quite near the exhibition we used to go there frequently. I went to the top of the Eiffel Tower. There were so many people that we had to wait nearly two hours on the second floor for the lift, and when we stepped into it we could look down through a crack in the planks, and could see, far down below, little dots, which were said to be houses and people. Part of the following winter we spent at Nice. You cannot imagine how lovely it is to see thousands of roses blooming in the open air in February. The flower-market is a very attractive place, and I used to go to it nearly every day, and buy quantities of flowers, always haggling a long time over prices, as is customary. Some of the old crones hardly speak a word of French, but a sort of *patois*, a mixture of Italian and French. We were at Nice during the Carnival. The flower battles were delightful, and the masquerade was the most amusing thing I had seen for a long time. I have no pets just now, but have been promised a fox-terrier. I think your stories are delightful, especially "Juan and Juanita." My mother owns a volume of the original of "Grandmother's Wonderful Chair," and long before "Prince Fairyfoot" appeared in your pages I had read the original story through. This letter is the first I have ever written to you.

I am, with best wishes for a long life to your delightful magazine, your friend and hearty admirer,

M. G. K.—

THE HALL, BUSHEY, HERTS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy twelve years old. I have taken you since '84, and I never wrote to you before. I hope the following story is not too long. I translated it all alone.

JACK C.—

P. S.—This is a surprise for mama and papa.

THE MONKEY AND THE MAGIC-LANTERN.

ONCE a man who had a magic-lantern show, went away and left the monkey all alone. The monkey wished to make a great hit, so he went and collected all the animals he could find in the town — dogs, cats, chickens, turkeys, and ducks, all arrived soon, one by one.

"Walk in, walk in!" cried our monkey. "It is here that a new spectacle will charm you, gratis," he cried.

At these words every spectator seated himself, and our monkey brought the magic-lantern, and closed the blinds. Then, by a speech, made expressly for the occasion, he prepared the audience. It made them yawn, but they applauded, and contented with his success, he seized a painted glass and pushed it in the lantern; he knew how to manage it. As he pushed it in he cried: "Is there anything like it? You see the sun and all its glory, and presently you shall see the moon, and the history of Adam and Eve, see —" The spectators, in a profound darkness, strained their eyes and could see nothing.

"My word!" said a cat, "the fact is, I see nothing."

"Neither do I," said a dog.

All this time the modern Cicero talked on. He had forgotten but one thing; that was, to light his lantern!

MONTPELIER, MOUNT ROW, GUERNSEY, THE CHANNEL ISLES.

MY DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I do so hope this letter will be printed. I think "Lady Jane" is very nice indeed, and I wish the "Brownies" came every month. I take several magazines, but I don't think any of them are one bit as nice as you.

I have seen some of the bays here, but I have not been here long enough to see them all; of the ones I have seen, I like Petit Bot Bay best. I drove there once in an excursion-car — one which goes all round the island; the road is very steep, on one side is a precipice and on the other a cliff; round the last corners I did not like it much, for the four horses and axle went round before the long heavy car did! As we were driving home, the conductor told us that the Guernsey people, when they want to fatten their animals, fattened them one day and starved them the next; when you went to the market, you would see, he said, meat with a layer of lean and then a layer of fat, and so on; he said the fat came by fattening them, and the lean by starving them! I remain, your ever-devoted reader,

PHYLIS S. C.—

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I hope I may never have to stop taking you. You were given me on my birthday in 1885, and I have enjoyed your pages ever since.

I send with this letter a sort of an enigma, which I made up myself. From your loving reader,

"QUEEN DAISY."

A DAY IN THE GROVE.

A PARTY of young ladies were seated in a shady (island in Mediterranean Sea) grove, one hot summer day, busily engaged with their fancy-work.

Presently they saw a man coming toward them, whom one, named (a city in Italy), recognized as her cousin (a river in North America).

(The river in N. A.) said he hoped this circle of superior and charming young ladies would allow him to join them.

To this they readily agreed, but said he must stop his (cape on Pacific coast of N. A.); and saying that he needed refreshments, (one of the Southern States) brought him a cup of hot (one of the East Indies) coffee, (a river of Africa), and a (one of a group of islands west of North America).

After he had eaten his lunch, he commenced to tell a story of how he was chased by a (lake in British America), at which (the city in Italy) sank down in a dead faint, she was so frightened.

For a few moments there was great confusion and (cape on eastern side of North America) in the company.

But a young girl by the name of (a city in Australia) sprinkled (a city in Prussia) over her poor friend, and told the rest to keep up (cape off southern Africa).

It was not long before (the city in Italy) began to recover, and (the Southern State) exclaimed, "How pale you look, my (river in Australia)"; while the (river in N. A.) begged her to take a little (river in S. A.) wine.

Very soon after they all started for home. On the way (the river in N. A.) tried to caress a large (island east of Canada) dog, but so full of (islands east of Australia) feelings was he, that he would not submit to being simply patted, but wanted to play with them.

Soon after, as they were going over some stony ground, (a river in Siberia), a little sister of (the city in Italy), fell down and began to cry loudly. (The Southern State) called her a (city in Hungary), but another young lady, (a city in central Europe), comforted her by promising her a gold ring on her birthday.

Here (the city in Australia) drew her shawl tighter round her and said she was (a country in South America). They soon reached home, however, and having taken a (cape on coast of Greenland) of each other, and saying they had had a pleasant day, returned to their several homes in (a city of New Hampshire). "QUEEN DAISY."

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Bernie B., Gertrude H., Harold A. M., Mary L. T., Lillian O. F., Harold H., Fannie M. P., Muriel P., L. B., Marion K., John M. H., E. L. S. A. B., Gertrude E. A., Guy S., Alma H., Jacqueline H., Mabel P., Edith B., Burritt S. L., Daisy McK., J. R. S., Mary A. J., Clara J., Percy F., Charlie, Mildred M. C., Bryson, Kathryn W., Ruth D., Evelyn C., Bessie B., Helen H. C., Milton S. G., F. C. P., Herbert M. L., Mabel G. M., Elsie L. S., Fannie H. and Frances T., Helen L., Edna S. P., L. B. W., Myron S., Karl B., Percy L. T., Helen P., Harry S. L., Leo W., Juliet M. K., Geraldine G., Lillie J., Nina S. and Ina H., Ida M., Pearl M. B., May B., Kate McC., Katharine P. H., Hebe A. and Grace C., Anne B. R., Marjorie W., Charlie T., Russell C., Ade M. F., M. and W., Abigail and Alice, W. G., Sadie R. B., Muriel E. M., Katrina A. MacM., John P. D., Bertha A. W., Kate K., Evalyn F. F., Vernon F., Mary Eleanor P., Fannie K.

A MEAN REVENGE.



I.

"ME HATED RIVAL HAS STARTED
ON HIS SWIFT DESCENT."

II.

"HE CANNOT STOP AND NOW METHINKS
I 'LL BE REVENGED."

III.

"HA, HA! PROUD JEDDEIAH SPRIGGS,
I AM REVENGED!"

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

PECULIAR ACROSTIC. Primals, Sordello; fourth row, Browning; finals, S. Cross-words: 1. Symbols. 2. Onerous. 3. Reforms. 4. Drawers. 5. Evinces. 6. Legions. 7. Linnets. 8. Origins.

A TRIANGLE. From 1 to 10, Washington; 11 to 19, Candlemas. 1, W; 2 to 19, as; 3 to 18, spa; 4 to 17, helm; 5 to 16, inane; 6 to 15, normal; 7 to 14, Goulard; 8 to 13, traction; 9 to 12, orchestra; 10 to 11, numismatic.

A NEST OF BIRDS. 1. Flycatcher. 2. Sparrow. 3. Robin. 4. Partridge. 5. Barn-swallow. 6. Killdeer. 7. Meadow-lark. 8. Parrot. 9. Spoonbill. 10. Snowbunting. 11. Loon. 12. Whip-poor-will. 13. Kingfisher. 14. Lyre-bird. 15. Curlew. 16. Sandpiper. 17. Turkey. 18. Canvas-back duck. 19. Heron. 20. Turtledove. 21. Cockatoo. 22. Guinea-fowl. 23. Lapwing.

WORD-BUILDING. 1. E. 2. Te. 3. Let. 4. Lent. 5. Inlet. 6. Silent. 7. Linnets. 8. Sentinel.

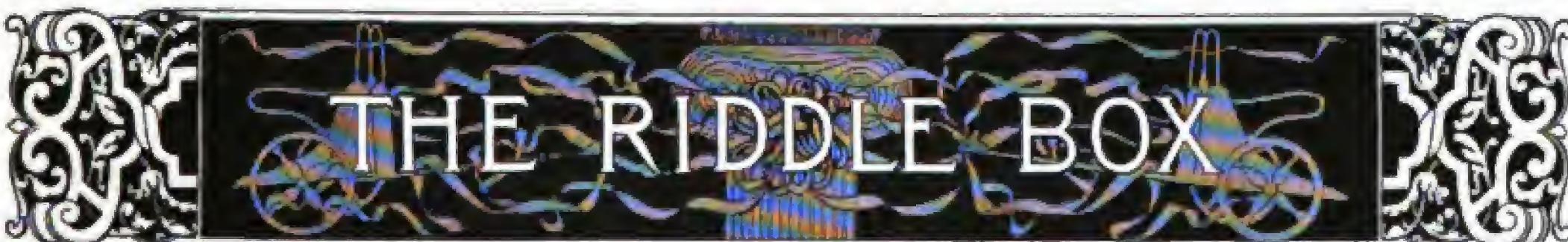
WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Rover. 2. Obol. 3. Vocal. 4. Elate. 5. Relet. II. 1. Niter. 2. Irene. 3. Terns. 4. Ennui. 5. Resin.

A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. From 25 to 1, Boston; 25 to 3, Bergen; 25 to 5, Bengal; 25 to 7, Biscay; 25 to 9, Borneo; 25 to 11, Bogota; 25 to 13, Bremen; 25 to 15, Burmah; 25 to 17, Balkan; 25 to 19, Berlin; 25 to 21, Bombay; 25 to 23, Bangor; 3 to 5, Natal; 7 to 9, Yeddo; 11 to 13, Akron; 15 to 17, Huron; 19 to 21, Nancy; 23 to 1, Rouen; 4 to 6, Etna; 8 to 10, Acre; 12 to 14, Tyre; 16 to 18, Asia; 20 to 22, Iowa; 24 to 2, Ohio.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Clare Sydney H.—Maude E. Palmer—No name, E. Johnsbury, Vt.—M. Josephine Sherwood—"The McG.'s"—Harry Tuttle—Clara B. Orwig—L. E. Taylor—Eloise Lloyd Derby—M. E. Hessler—Stephen O. Hawkins—C. A. M. P.—Arthur Gride—"The Wise Five"—"McGinty and Catnip"—"Infantry"—E. M. G.—Alice L. Granbery—Emily K. Johnston—A. L. W. L.—Maud C. Maxwell—Paul Reese—Jennie S. Liebmann—Alice Mildred Blanke and Sister—Jo and I—Robert A. Stewart—"Bud"—Blanche and Fred—"Paganini and Liszt"—A. H. and R.—Effie K. Talboys—"A Proud Pair"—Madge Clark—Edith Sewall—Dame Durden—"Me and Unk"—"Thida and Nardyl"—"May and '79"—Nellie L. Howes—"Miss Flint"—A. Fiske and Co.—A. M. C.—"The Nick McNick"—"Uncle Mung"—J. H. C. and J. A. F.—Ida C. Thallon—Gertrude L.—Edward Bancroft—"Busy Bee."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from "Anon," 2—"Fesion," 1—"Nifesca," 2—Lillian, Pearl, and Alice, 2—Katharine B. and Katharine D., 1—Agnes and Elinor, 5—Marion H., 1—E. Woodbury, 1—"Nip and Bang," 2—George B. Fernald, 8—Kate W. Tibbals, 1—Fannie and Edith Tolman, 1—Edith L. G., 1—Carrie S. Harmon and Hattie H. Herrick, 2—Edythe P. J. and E. F., 2—"Praked and Kleen," 1—Uncle George, Ailie, and Lily, 1—Papa B., 1—Elaine and Grace Shirley, 2—"Miramonte Quartette," 6—Donald McClain, 1—"La Zia," 4—Rulinda M. Hough, 1—"Tit for Tat," 1—B. W., 3—Adele Mathias, 7—Mabel S. Meredith, 2—Clara and Minnie, 6—Alma Steiner, 1—"Papa and I," 3—Elsie P. Sanderson, 1—"Family Affair," 1—J. F., 1—J. B. Y., 4—"McGinty," 1—Emma Walton, 7—Eleanor S., 1—Hubert L. Bingay, 8—E. Tracy Hall, 2—E. H. Rossiter, 6—"Papa, Mama, and Me," 1—Joseph P. Davis, 3—"Carita," 9—Arthur B. Lawrence, 2—Lillie Anthony, 4—Nellie Archer, 7—Blanche Smith, 5—Ethel M. Hart, 1—H. M. C. and Co., 6—Albert B. Himes, 6—"Three Little Maids from School," 1—Maude M., 1—H. H. Francine, 4—Carrie Thacher, 4—Honora Swartz, 2—"Dog and Cat," 6—Mary H. Kirkwood, 1—Frank C. Lincoln, 4—C., Estelle, and Clarendon Ions, 5—Edward Gordon, 1—Russell Mount, 1—Bertha W. Groesbeck, 4—"The Nutshell," 8—No Name, Englewood, 9—"Ed and Papa," 9—Irene, Lottie, Mama, and May, 1—Jennie and Miriam Bingay, 3—"Free and Easy," 3—Percy Thompson, 1—Adele Walton, 8—"The Bees," 3—Ethel and Natalie, 1—Minnie and James, 7—C. H. K., 3—Clara and Emma, 7—Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 5—R. M. Huntington, 6—"Midwood," 9—Adrienne, 5—Sissie Hunter, 6—Minna Wood, 9—Edith W. A., 5—No Name, Minneapolis, 9—Maud Taylor, 8—E. B. S. W., Madeleine S. and Mary L., 2.



WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. The French turnip. 2. The white poplar. 3. Mercenary. 4. A species of antelope. 5. Joins together.

II. 1. The largest size of type. 2. An African lizard. 3. Designates. 4. A letter of the Greek alphabet. 5. Pertaining to the nose.

III. 1. A Russian drink. 2. Oxygen in a condensed form. 3. A piece of wood driven into a wall, so that other pieces may be nailed to it. 4. A passing bell. 5. One of the Harpies.

ELDRED JUNGERICH.

HEADS AND TAILS.

EACH of the words described contains seven letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, take the first letter of the first word, the last letter of the second word, the first letter of the third, the last of the fourth, and so on, till the name of a famous traveler is spelled.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An African quadruped. 2. A bucolic. 3. Pertaining to Turkey. 4. A butcher's

BROKEN WORDS. First row, Longfellow; second row, Evangeline. 1. List-ens. 2. Out-vie. 3. Notion-ally. 4. Gar-net. 5. Fungus. 6. East-ern. 7. Lord-ling. 8. Lament-in. 9. Ope ned. 10. Wax-end.

PI.

On the wind in February
Snowflakes float still,
Half inclined to turn to rain,
Nipping, dripping, chill.
Then the thaws swell the streams,
And swollen rivers swell the sea:

If the winter ever ends

How pleasant it will be. C. G. ROSSETTI.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Chat. 2. Hole. 3. Alas. 4. Test. II. 1. Slat. 2. Lama. 3. Amos. 4. Task. III. 1. Trot. 2. Rose. 3. Ossa. 4. Teak. IV. 1. Kant. 2. Aloe. 3. Noun. 4. Tent.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Honorable. Cross-words: 1. Discharge. 2. Fagotto. 3. Runic. 4. Rod. 5. R. 6. Bat. 7. Fable. 8. Tablets. 9. Herderite.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

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instrument. 5. An immense mass of ice and snow moving slowly downward. 6. To shut out. 7. A joint of the finger. 8. To be enough. 9. Mischievous. 10. A kind of cotton cloth originally brought from China. 11. Eagerness. 12. A vendue.

ANNA W. ASHHURST.

PI.

ROF em erthe si on arerr ginth
Hant, hilew eth newstir griglenin,
Ot state eht snebsledess fo pgrins.

Weer hist eht snigrp, I won dushlo higs
Hatt ahtug reew spetn;—tub chir ma I!
Huntcoude prigsns lodgen msu thod eli.

WORD-BUILDING.

I. A vowel. 2. A pronoun. 3. Veneration. 4. Merchandise. 5. A bet. 6. A musical composer. 7. tiresome. 8. Irrigating. 9. Entwining. 10. Enduring.

"PYRAMUS AND THISBE."

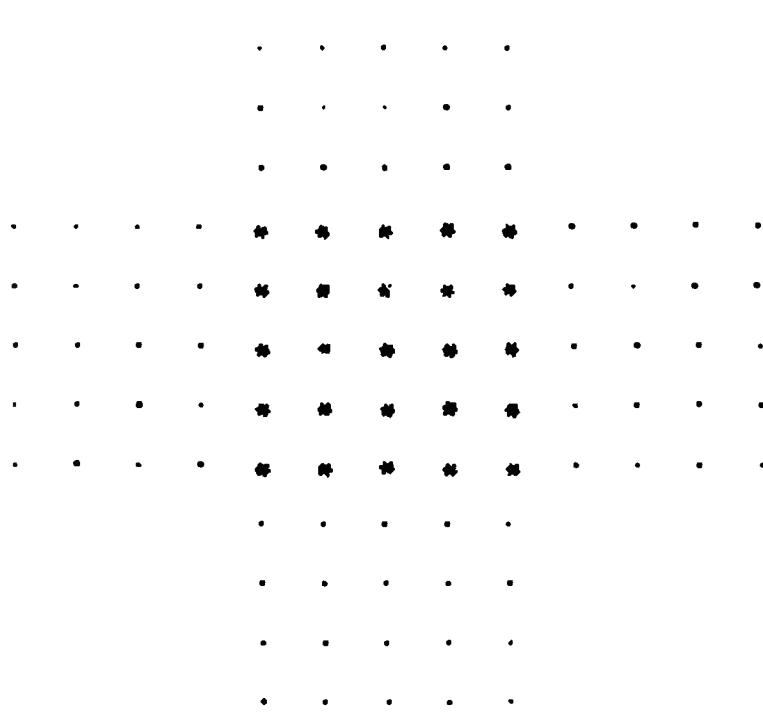
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals spell the surname of a President of the United States who was born March 15; my finals spell the surname of a Southern statesman who died March 31.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to the Jews. 2. A fleet of armed ships. 3. A letter of defiance. 4. A place mentioned in the first verse of the twentieth chapter of Genesis. 5. A valuable timber-tree of India, used for shipbuilding. 6. Mosaic gold. 7. Native carbonate of soda.

GILBERT FORREST.

A GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A mountain nymph. 2. A rule. 3. A funeral oration. 4. The shield of Minerva. 5. To align.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Gait. 2. A governor. 3. A select body. 4. The father of Medea — (omit one letter of his name). 5. Garments.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Raiment. 2. To surrender. 3. A remnant of burning wood. 4. A kind of coarse basket. 5. To scatter loosely.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To spread abroad. 2. The name for modern Thebes. 3. To emulate. 4. To shun. 5. A principality of Great Britain.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. To scatter. 2. A kind of food. 3. One who rides. 4. The builder of a famous wooden horse. 5. A Russian measure of length.

ELDRED JUNGERICH.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

REPLACE the first group of stars by a certain word; then take a letter from this word without rearranging the letters and so form the other words indicated by stars. Example, psalter, palter, paler.

1. John is a * * * * * workman, and he will get * * * * * making the * * * * * in time, although it is a * * * * * piece of work.

2. One of the bold * * * * * of the Spanish main often * * * * * of hitting the * * * * * of his victims by giving them two * * * * * with his club.

3. A learned * * * * *, one of the upper caste among the Hindoos, having stated that the * * * * * of a certain

ruler was composed of * * * *, he was placed under a * * * *.

4. A * * * * * having been enacted to erect a * * * * * to a certain man formerly in the * * * * * house, the matter has been discussed enough to * * * * any one.

5. The artist's singing of the recitative * * * * * every one; then he * * * * * a softer strain. Being rurally inclined, the next day he * * * * * the ground, * * * * * the chimney-piece, and after he had * * * * up the horse, he went out to * * * some new mown hay with his brother * *.

6. The old tramp will * * * * * in the dirt, * * * * * with all who will listen to him, and this he would continue to do till the * * * * * of the house came off, or a high * * * * * blew him away.

G. U. ESSER.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

1. BEHEAD and curtail obscurity, and leave a game.
2. Behead and curtail to clutch, and leave to sever.
3. Behead and curtail magnificent, and leave sped.
4. Behead and curtail pierced, and leave a metallic substance.
5. Behead and curtail to snarl, and leave a tier.
6. Behead and curtail a fruit, and leave a light blow.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, before they are beheaded and curtailed, the six initial letters may all be found in the word Caligula, and the six final letters spell a word meaning to interfere.

H. H. D.

HOUR-GLASS.

1. PERTAINING to a great country.
2. An old saying which has obtained credit by long use.
3. To annex.
4. A Roman numeral.
5. A much used verb.
6. Surpassing.
7. Separately.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell an instrument for smoothing clothes.

1. Curves.
2. To cut into thin pieces.
3. A stately poetical composition proper to be set to music or sung.
4. A Roman numeral.
5. A quadruped.
6. A ledge.
7. A weapon intended to be thrown.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell ambiguous propositions.

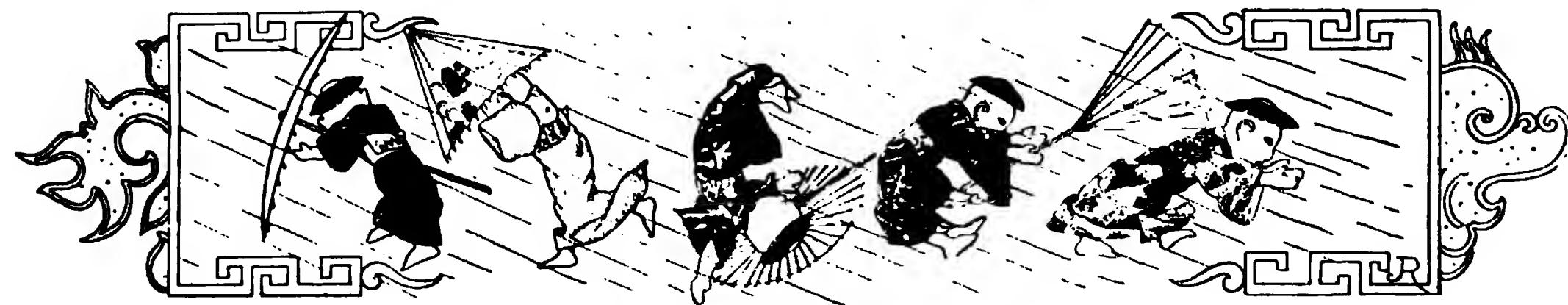
PEARL R. AND H. A. L.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-nine letters, and form a four-line verse, by Alexander Smith.

My 74-92-8-23-53-97 is to wrench. My 48-14-80-35-29 is to be conspicuous. My 66-41-5-87-63 is a valued fabric. My 94-20-12 is much used in summer. My 3-17-85-59-51-70 is a season. My 31-68-1-76 is one of the United States. My 40-83-11-33 is at that time. My 32-89-45-37-65-19 is formerly. My 55-72-77-47-99-56 is to hate. My 10-62-25-16 is part of a clock. My 6-52-96-26-78 is double. My 43-22-38-54-67 is stately. My 49-57-84-39-86-15-73 is to make a loud noise. My 81-28-93-13-98 is struck. My 30-24-36-75-90-44 is dull. My 18-21-27-2-82-4-46-60 is oblique. My 9-34-42-64 is to twist. My 79-69-88-95 is a musical instrument, and my 50-58-91-71-7-61 is a performer on it.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."



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